# The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13.

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

VOL. XXIV. BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 12, 1874. NO. 20.


## The Bird's Good-Night to the Flowers.

GOOD-NIGHT, dear flowers;
Shadows creep along the sky,
Birdies now must homeward fly.

Good-night, darling mignonette;
Good-night, little violet.

Good-night, pink and four o'clock
Good-night, homely hollyhock.

Good-night, feathery feverfew,
Heliotrope, good-night to you.

Good-night, lily; good-night rose;
Good-night, every flower that blows.

Thank you for your lovely bloom,
Thank you for your sweet perfume.

If you did not bloom so brightly
We could never sing so lightly.

Now fairies wake, the watch to keep,
And birdies all may go to sleep.
Good-night, dear flowers.

*Mrs. A. M. Diaz.*

## Do What You Can.

DON'T think there is nothing
For children to do,
Because they can't work like a man;
The harvest is great
And the laborers few,
Then, children, do all that you can.

Then don't be a sluggard,
And live at your ease,
And life with vain pleasures beguile;
But ever be active
And busy as bees,
And God on your labors will smile.

For the Myrtle.

## Lasting Scars.

ROSIE and Timmy lived in the same house, though they were not brother and sister. Rosie was the only child of her parents, and Timmy was an orphan. His mother, when she was dying, had asked Mrs. Brown who was her particular friend, if she would not care for her orphan boy after she was gone. Mrs. Brown had promised to take Timmy and rear him as her own. He was a little fellow then, only a year older than Rosie, and she was a baby in the cradle.

Mrs. Brown thought it would be a good thing to have another child in the house with her own little daughter, to share her pleasures and keep her from being wilful and selfish. She thought Rosie would be much happier for having another child to play with her.

And the children would have been happier for being together, if they had been good and kind to one another, but when they began to get old enough to play together, they were naughty and quarrelsome, and whenever one wanted a thing, the other was sure to say that he or she wanted it too, and as they could not both have it at the same time they would get into trouble about it.

Every one wondered that they couldn't be pleasant and kind to each other when they had so much to make them happy.

When I was visiting Mrs. Brown, I heard some of their foolish quarrels, which if I were to repeat to you children, it would make some of you think how foolish *you* look when you are doing the same things.

Timmy said one day to Rosie: "I see a great lump of sugar on this pantry shelf."

"I've seen that great white lump many a time, but it's not sugar, it's salt," said Rosie.

"No it isn't, it's sugar," said Timmy.

"I tell you it isn't sugar, it's salt," said Rosie.

"Do you think I'm a fool, and don't know sugar from salt?"

"And do you think I'm a fool and don't know salt from sugar?"

"Don't you call me a fool again, Rosie Brown."

"I will call you a fool too, if you call me one."

"Take that for calling me a fool," said Timmy, striking Rosie a blow on her cheek.

At this Rosie screamed as loud as she could, and Mrs. Brown came running down stairs to see what was the matter.

"Rosie called me a fool," said Timmy.

"Well, he called me a fool first, and then he struck me because I called him one."

"Well, mother," said Timmy, for both of the children called Mrs. Brown mother, "Rosie *was* a fool, wasn't she, to call this lump of sugar in the pantry salt?"

"I should think you both came as near being fools as you well could and miss it," said Mrs. Brown, "for the white lump in the pantry, if you were talking about what you see on the top shelf—"

"Yes, mother, that is it," Timmy interrupted.

"Well, you foolish children, that lump is neither sugar nor salt, but a piece of chalk that I put up there some weeks ago."

Both the children looked ashamed when Mrs. Brown said this. But their shame did not last long enough to keep them from quarreling again almost as soon as their mother was out of sight. She had hardly got up stairs again, before Rosie said,

"I wont play with you any more, Timmy, because you strike me and torment me."

"Well, go and play by yourself. I don't care."

"You do care, too, Timmy. You are always teazing me to play with you."

"No. I'm not always teazing you to play, either. I tell you I don't care whether you play with me or not."

As Jimmy said this, Rosie went pouting into the corner, and opening a little box. in which she kept her playthings, she looked for her lead-pencil. It was not to be found.

"Timmy, where is my lead-pencil?"

"What do you suppose I know about your lead-pencil?" he retorted.

"You've taken it. I know you have."

"No, I haven't touched your pencil."

"I know better, for you are always getting my things."

"Do you tell me that I took your pencil, when I tell you that I *didn't* take it?"

"Yes, I know you took it."

"There, take that," said Timmy, striking her again, this time not very gently. "I'll teach you to call me a thief and a liar."

Rosie screamed again, louder than before, and Mrs. Brown came once more to the rescue.

"What are you children quarrelling about now?" said she, as she entered the room.

"Rosie called me a thief and a liar."

"No, I never," said Rosie.

"You did," said Timmy.

"I didn't," said Rosie.

"Come, come," said Mrs. Brown, "I will have no more of this disputing."

"Well, he struck me again," Rosie sobbed out."

"You are very naughty children both of you. I really don't know what to do with you, for you give me no peace of my life."

"Well, I wont have Rosie calling me a thief and a liar."

"And I wont have Timmy striking me," said Rosie.

"I shall punish you both if I have any more trouble with you this morning. I shall never get through with my work in the world, if I have to stop every moment to attend to you. Now don't you let me hear any more quarrelling."

"I wouldn't quarrel with him, if he wasn't all the time quarrelling with me," said Rosie.

"And I shouldn't quarrel at all, if it wasn't for Rosie," said Timmy.

"Well, you are very naughty children, and one is as bad as the other," said Mrs. Brown.

Shortly after Mrs. Brown had gone up stairs again, there was a knock at the kitchen door.

"I'll go and see who it is," said Rosie.

"No, I'll go," said Timmy.

"You sha'n't," said Rosie, "for I started first."

"I don't care if you did. I'm a boy, and I'm the oldest, and I've a right to have my own way, and I *will* go," said Timmy.

"I'm a girl, and I'll let you know whether boys are always going to rule," said Rosie, catch-

ing hold of Timmy in her haste to get past him and open the door.

Timmy tried to shake her off. She held on to him with a furious grip and in the struggle they both fell to the floor.

This time Timmy was the one to be hurt. His head struck on the corner of the table, and a deep gash was cut. Now it was his turn to scream.

"Oh mother, mother, Rosie has killed me."

Mrs. Brown heard the scream and the crash of the children's fall, and it did not take her many seconds to get down the stairs.

The blood was running a stream from Timmy's head, and his screams continued so violently that Mrs. Brown thought him more hurt than he really proved to be. The cut proved to be deep, but not dangerous.

Timmy was a very healthy boy, and any wound healed quickly on him, so that at the end of a week the pain was all gone from the wound, and Timmy felt as if he were quite well again. But on his face there was an ugly scar, a scar which the hand of time could never wash away.

If this scar on his forehead had been the worst thing that had happened to Timmy in that fall, we should all have had reason to rejoice. But the passion he had felt in the quarrel, made a deeper scar on his inner life, that life which is not put off when the body dies, and whose scars are deformities in the eyes of God and the angels.

Oh, little children who are inclined to quarrel, and let your passions master you, think of these lasting scars, which you give yourselves, and as you hope to be beautiful on the earth, and among the angels, when your time to live with them comes, do not deform yourselves by evil doing.

*Mrs. E. M. Bruce.*

## A Story and its Lesson.

Phidias was a celebrated Greek sculptor, born a good many hundred years ago, but much of his work remains to this day. At least the fame of it does, and well it may, for he was one of the most faithful workmen who ever lived. And faithfulness always insures lasting results.

Here is a little story about this wonderful man, which we wish all the children would commit, so that they can tell it to those who have never heard it. Phidias was one day carving a statue to ornament the front top of an Athenian temple, and the statue was to be placed with its back to a high wall, where only its face could be seen. And yet Phidias worked just as faithfully on the back part of the image, even carefully chiseling out each line of hair. His attendants wondered at this, telling him that it was a waste of labor, for no one would see that part of the image. "But the gods will see it," the sculptor replied, and went on with his work.

Do you see the beauty of the answer? The artist was determined to be truthful in all he did. He might have slighted certain portions of the image, hurrying over the parts that were to be somewhat concealed, and putting the complete finish only where it would be the most readily seen. But he had a higher standard of truth than that. He did not do his work wholly to be seen of men. He remembered the eye that sees all our acts, the least as well as the greatest, the hidden as well as the revealed, and he remembered too that he must some time appear before Him who knows all these things. At any rate, the beautiful answer that he gave to those who would have him slight his work, shows that he was struggling towards that knowledge, whether he was in full possession of it or not.

Will you remember the lesson that it teaches? You are often set to work out of sight. Your father may leave you to do a certain task while he is absent from home, or your mother may require you to do a certain service while her eye cannot be upon you. You may be set to learn a lesson while the teacher's back is turned, or in various ways to fulfil trusts that have been committed to you. In all these cases, remember that they come the nearest to the standard of true men and women who do their work faithfully, and try to finish it up as well as they would it they knew that the eye of parent or teacher was upon them.

You all know what it means to shirk. True boys and girls never shirk. No matter what the work is; they do it the best they can. You doubtless have been told of this often enough. But unless you have made it a part of your daily purpose to live in constant remembrance of it, you still need to be reminded of it once more. Remember that it is only as you are truthful, both in what you do and in what you say, that you will really succeed in growing to man or womanhood. Perhaps, a good many years from now, after you that read this and we that write it are all dead, we shall know whether you have tried to heed its lesson or not. — *The Myrtle.*

For the Myrtle.

## The Alphabet.

TWENTY-SIX different letters
Have written all our books:
Only twenty-six letters!
A wonderful thing it looks.

Only twenty-six letters,
From which to form the words,
That may fill our hearts with sorrow,
Or make us happy as birds.

Strange! is it not? these wee figures
Can be arranged till they say,
All that is merry or gloomy,
All that is wise or gay.

Books without number are written;
To them are these letters the key:
Then who would not hasten to learn them
From A to queer crooked Z?

*H. H. D.*

"BUY the truth and sell it not."

## Sewing-Aches.

Jessie sat down by her mother to sew. She was making a pillow-case for her own little pillow.

"All this?" she asked, in a discontented tone, holding out the seam.

"That is not much for a little girl who has a work-basket of her own," said her mother.

"Yes," thought Jessie, "mother has given me a work-basket, and I ought to be willing to sew;" and with that she took a few stitches quite diligently.

"I have a dreadful pain in my side," said Jessie, in a few minutes. "My thumb is very sore," she said in a few minutes after. "Oh! my hand is so tired." That was next. And with that she laid down her work. Next, there was something the matter with her foot; and next her eye.

At length the sewing was done. Jessie brought it to her mother.

"Now, may I go out to play?" she asked in such an altered tone you would hardly believe it was Jessie's.

"Should I not first send for the doctor?" said her mother.

"The doctor for me, mother?" said the little girl, as surprised as could be.

"Certainly," said her mother; "a little girl so full of pains and aches, must be sick, and the sooner we have the doctor the better."

I have heard of other little girls, besides Jessie, who had sewing-aches and pains whenever their parents had work for them to do. These aches and pains do show sickness. They are symptoms of a bad disease — disease which eats people up. This disease is called "selfishness." It makes children cross, and fretful, and disobliging, and troublesome, and unhappy; and I am sure it makes those unhappy and sad who have the charge of them.

We hope that none of our little readers ever have sewing-aches.

WITHOUT modesty, beauty is ungraceful, and learning, unattractive.

CROSSES are ladders leading to heaven.

For the Myrtle.

## The Home Guard.

"TELL us about some of the children you saw down to the seashore," said the children to Aunt Kate, the night after she got home.

"Well," said Aunt Kate, thinking a minute, "I will. I'll tell you about Robbie, the fisherman's son who lived down at the foot of the hill from where we boarded, — down in a little cabin close by the sea."

"Oh yes, that will be splendid!" cried Walter, who was fond of sea-stories.

"The first time I saw Robbie," began Aunt Kate, "was the very first morning after I got down there. I was out all alone clambering over the rocks, exploring the place. I didn't know how to clamber as well as I learned afterwards, and so when I was away out on the farthest rocks I slipped and nearly fell into the water, and sent my parasol sprawling far before me. On the instant sprang up a boy as gray as the rock he sat on, so that I had not seen him, seized the parasol just as it was floating off to sea, and brought it to me gravely without saying a word. But when I thanked him and began shaking the water out of it, laughing as I did so, he smiled too, and said shyly, 'Poorty wet, aint it?'

"'Pretty wet,' said I, 'and I shall be pretty wet too, if I don't learn to step more carefully. You see I'm not used to rocks. Somebody'll have to teach me how to walk.'

"You see I wanted to make the boy's acquaintance. He was none of your dandy boys with a fine sailor suit of pressed flannel with gold buttons (Walter winced) but all in coarse homespun with a battered old gray hat, face brown with sea-tan, and brown-black eyes that looked

as if they could see twice as far as mine, I sat down by him, and presently I spoke again.

"'What do *you* do out here.'

"'I'm watching father's dory. He's out yonder beyond the bar, taking up the trawls for mackerel," says the boy.

"Now I didn't know what a dory was, nor a bar, nor trawls, nor did I know much about mackerel except as cooked and on a platter, and I told the boy so. You should have seen him look at me.

"Well, he soon told me all about it. A dory is nothing but a row-boat, and trawls are strings of hooks all on one line and all baited, so that they catch dozens of fish at once, instead of one. Oh, I grew very learned about mackerel-fishing, that morning!

"Robbie was my boy's name, 'Robert Clark, but they called him Rob generally.' He was watching the boat because it was nearly time for it to come in, and he took care of it while the men went up to their dinner or breakfast, or whatever they called it. They went out in the very early morning and staid about half the forenoon. I staid too, and saw the dory land, mackerel and all, and saw how Robbie took care of the things the men left behind them to do, working like a little beaver. He did that every day he said, besides helping his mother in the morning, and helping dress the fish afterward.

"'I should think you were almost large enough to go fishing yourself.'

"'Oh, I'm large enough,' said Rob stoutly, 'but I *can't*, you see. Somebody has to stay with mother, and *be* here, you know. Father calls me the Home Guard.' Rob's keen eyes shone just a little when he said this.

"The Home Guard! I liked that. And when I got better acquainted with Robbie, I understood better how much it meant. Every day I found him mounted on his faithful watch and many a curious talk we had together; and he found me shells and mosses without number, and of the rarest kinds. I learned that he had a sort of signal service with those distant fishermen. If they were wanted at the house, he displayed a white flag on a high pole. If anybody came along anxious to buy fish at good price, he waved a red one. Then if they were out at night when it was dark enough to need a signal of the landing place, he bore aloft a lantern that beaconed them on their homeward way.

"But the funniest thing I have to tell. As there was no light-house at this lonely place as there are at the large ports, so there was no fog-bell or whistle to keep them off the rocks when the sudden thick fogs came on. The Home Guard came out in his glory then. There were two landing-places, one for high and one for low tide. At whichever of these the case required, Rob stationed himself as soon as fog appeared, armed with a peculiar-sounding old dinner horn. About once a minute, you might hear the peculiar mournful wail of that old horn, that announced the Home Guard on duty, hour after hour if need be, in chill and wet, taking care of the befogged boats.

"'But I sha'n't do this always,' says Rob to me in confidence. 'One of these days I'll make a fog-horn that'll *blow itself*, and only need winding up or something.' And I doubt not he will."

"I wish I was Rob," said Walter, as Aunt Kate stopped to take breath.

"You'd like to have one thing said about you, I know," said Aunt Kate. "It's what his father used to say to the fresh hands that went out boating that didn't half know how to manage a boat, or how to get back to land. 'Where shall we steer for?' they would call out to the fisherman's boat, for they didn't know a point on the shore. And the fisherman would shade his eyes and look landward and then hail them back with a bluff laugh, 'Sail for Rob; then you'll always be sure to go right.'" *H. A. B.*

## Read This.

One day a gentleman observed a group of boys, bent on play, strongly urging another boy to join them. He was struck with the very decided "No" which the boy gave to all their entreaties. Anxious to see the result, he stepped into an entry, where he could hear and see and not be much observed. "That boy has a will to resist the whole band of them," he said to himself.

A last effort was made to induce him to come with them. "Now, James, will you not come? you are such a good player." "Yes," he replied, "but on one condition. Give me your hands that you will not swear, and I will go." They did so, and with joy they all ran off to play.

We are sure the game lost none of its interest for want of swearing. Noble boy! not ashamed to show that he was on the Lord's side even in the face of ungodly playfellows.

## Our Sunday Schools.

### MAINE.

—Rev. T. Carr writes good news of new Sunday Schools at Lagrange and Milo, where he is now laboring. A union school has been established at Lagrange, the majority of the scholars being of our own faith. Another school has been organized at Milo where they are "blessed with competent teachers and have a good supply of new books." Br. Carr says "These schools are promising, and if properly managed will soon improve the condition of our Zion in this section. There is more interest and zeal manifested in these schools, by both old and young, than I had at first anticipated."

### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

—Among the reports at the recent Sunday School Convention in New Hampshire was the following from Hinsdale. The school re-organized, after having been discontinued many years, on the first Sunday in May, 1873, with forty scholars. It now numbers eighty. The average attendance for May, 1874, was sixty-eight. The school uses "A Year of Worship" for a service book, and the *Helper* Lessons for all the classes, except the two smaller ones, which use primary lesson books. There are thirty-seven copies of the MYRTLES distributed among the smaller scholars at the expense of the school. The school is supported by penny contributions, which now average about $1.30 per Sabbath.

### NEW YORK.

—At Conesus the Universalist society has a church, old-fashioned but pleasant, in which they are having preaching in it one part of the day while the Methodists occupy it at another hour. These two friendly societies have now united in organizing a Sunday School, into which they are endeavoring to gather all the children of the place not now attending Sunday School. Such a Christian effort deeerves all possible success!

—We learn from the *Leader* that during his parish year, closing with July, Rev. W. B. Randolph received seven members into the Perry Church, and consecrated fifteen children to the remembrance and worship of God and the following of our Lord Jesus Christ. The people are united, and always true to our cause in Perry.

—The First Universalist parish of Syracuse, had an excursion on the Syracuse Northern Railroad on the 6th of August. They went as far as Pulaski, where on an island in Salmon river is a beautiful grove nicely fitted up for just such uses. The party from Syracuse filled eight coaches to overflowing. They were joined at Brewerton by a small delegation from the Cicero parish. By invitation the parish in Mexico met them at Pulaski, in numbers sufficient to fill one coach. The parish at Ellisburgh were also invited, but a funeral detained the pastor, and consequently the people did not go. The excursion and friendly union of the parishes was unmarred by any accident, and on the part of Syracuse was pecuniarily a success, netting them over $100.

—The exercises of Children's Sunday, at Clifton Springs, a few Sundays since, passed off in a manner satisfactory to all, and creditably to the children who took part. The pastor addressed those assembled on the great theme of right instruction, and the permanent value of the truths gathered from the words of Christ.

### OHIO.

—The Sunday School at Cuba sends word to the *Star* of its summer picnic. It took place at a pleasant grove near the town, and several schools, not of our faith, joined in the good time. Singing and speaking formed a pleasant part of the exercises and these with the rural enjoyments made the time fly so rapidly that night came unawares. The next Sabbath evening our Sunday School gave its first concert. Considering the little time given for training, the singing and speaking was surprisingly good, and gave great satisfaction to a crowded audience. The gain to the Sunday School treasury was nearly sixty dollars.

—The church at Hamilton has been handsomely refitted during the summer vacation, the ladies furnishing a large part of the means. The Sunday School purchased the chairs for the pulpit at an expense of fifty dollors. The first service held after the completion was that of Children's Sunday, when the church was adorned like a garden with flowers and trailing vines, adding to its fresh beauty. The services were finely appropriate to the happy day, and three little ones were dedicated by baptism, and three adult members received to the church.

—Among the large number of little ones who have passed to the heavenly home this summer, is little Nellie, the daughter of Rev. J. P. McLean of Franklin, aged one year and three months. She was a child of great beauty and promise, and a large circle besides the fond father and mother, mourn the loss of her sunshiny presence. But they will think of her as a bud whose sweet unfolding goes on in a fairer clime.

—The Sunday School in Huntington is deeply bereaved in the death of Miss Ophelia D. North aged twenty-one: a young lady greatly beloved in the family, church, and community. She was an active teacher in the Sunday School, and President of the Ladies' Aid Society of her church. Her pastor writes of her this touching tribute. "Her death was as triumphant as her life had been full of Christian activity and graces. When told she could not live she called for the family and bade them good by, gave good advice to all, and said she should soon meet them in heaven. She told her father she was so happy! — that she did not know it was so pleasant to die. She wished them to bid the Sunday School good-by for her, and especially her class of dear little girls. So leaving a kind word for all, and saying, 'I am going to rest,' she passed to the land beyond the river."

—The *Star* has a word from a friend residing in Caledonia that "our cause is moving along nicely here. The Sunday School is increasing in numbers, and interest. A good brother, while in New York after goods, remembered the school, and brought for it books, cards, and certificates of membership, which are to be presented to each pupil. All are interested, and the work goes bravely on."

### MICHIGAN.

—Rev. J. H. Palmer writes: "About half-way between Lapeer and Rochester, is a beautiful body of water known as Orion Lake. Thither went on Wednesday, Aug. 12, our Sunday Schools of the places named and the Congregationalist school of Rochester, and enjoyed together a most pleasant picnic. Five or six hundred persons were on the grounds, and with a smiling sky over them, the music of the leaves and birds around them, and the beautiful lake before them, none could resist the temptation to be happy. It was a day with the children, especially long to be remembered."

## Feeding the Multitude.

MARK vi. 34-44.

While John waa suffering imprisonment and death, Jesus was sending out his disciples, two by two, through the cities and villages round abou , to teach and to heal the sick, as they had learned of him. The fame of these wonderful works went abroad among all the people. It was everywhere talked about; and of course it came to the ears of Herod, the king. Now we see that he had a conscience; that he was, indeed, "exceeding sorry" about the fate of John. For when all the people were saying that this Jesus must be Elijah, or one of the old prophets came back again, Herod said in fear that "John the Baptist was risen from the dead, and therefore mighty works did show themselves forth in him;" and again he said, "It is John, whom I beheaded."

After this journey the disciples returned to Jesus who had still been laboring in Capernaum, and told him all their work, "both what they had done, and what they had taught."

He saw that they had done well, and that they were wearied together, and he invited them to a day's rest. "Come," said he, "let us go apart by ourselves unto the country," — for that is what is meant by a desert place — "and rest awhile." For there were many coming to them constantly, and they had no time even to eat.

So they went quietly by themselves in a boat to a landing-place up the lake. But the crowd saw where they were going and were determined to follow. We cannot wonder at their eagerness when we think of all the good works that had been done for them by the blessed Master and his disciples. Hurrying on foot they passed the boat and reached the landing-place before it, so that when Jesus with his disciples landed, a great multitude were gathered there before them.

They were already weary and worn with labor, and had come here on purpose to escape this crowd. How then did they feel when they found themselves disappointed in this? Did they murmur and complain, and send the people away or go away themselves? No, with them the spirit was always willing, — it was only the flesh that was weak. Jesus seeing the multitude, "was moved with compassion toward them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd."

"He began to teach them many things," we are told. This was probably in the morning; and he continued his gracious work of teaching and talking with them all day. They were so absorbed that they did not seem to know that noon came and went and the afternoon wore away and the time of eating was far past.

It was almost nightfall when the disciples, now moved with compassion because the people had fasted so long, spoke to Jesus of the fact that they had nothing to eat, and asked him to send them into the surrounding villages to buy bread.

Jesus seemed not to feel this anxiety, but calmly replied to their entreaty, "Give ye them to eat."

Imagine the surprise of the disciples! Here were five thousand men, "besides women and children" as Matthew adds. What food had they for so great a multitude? Among them was a lad who had brought five barley-loaves and two small fishes. He might have belonged to one of those families who "ministered to the disciples of their substance." But what would this be in such a crowd? Shall we go and buy two hundred pennyworth of bread and give them to eat? they cry in bewilderment. A penny was a denary, worth fifteen cents: the sum was therefore thirty dollars, probably all they had in their little treasury. They had this money, and this little supply of food: with these they could only come to Jesus and ask him what to do.

But he was still in no wise troubled. "Command the people to sit down in groups upon the grass," he said. And when they were seated, he took the bread and fishes, looked up to heaven and blessed them, and then brake the loaves and gave to his disciples and they distributed to the multitude.

No wonder the people said Jesus was a prophet come again, for the bread was like the widow's cruse of oil that the Lord so marvellously increased by the blessing of the prophet. It failed not but was enough to feed all these thousands; and when they had all eaten the disciples gathered up twelve basketsful of fragments of the feast.

This was not more wonderful than that Jesus could heal the sick and raise the dead. With God all things are possible. And like all his miracles it was a work of mercy. But it was not so wonderful or so merciful, as it is that he was able then and is able always to feed men's souls with the "bread from heaven," of which "if a man eat he shall never hunger."

## Enigma.

Who, filled with cruel hatred, his younger brother slew?
What king displayed his treasures to the Babylonian's crew?
What field, known as the field of blood, was nigh Jerusalem?
What sign of promise in the sky did God give unto men?
Who was the father of Jacob's much beloved wife?
Who raised the Shunamite's son to life?
On what high and desert mountain did God his law proclaim?
Where did an ancient nation in bondage long remain?
Who, while going on a journey, met an angel in the way?
Who, for telling a wicked falsehood was struck dead the self-same day?
Who stole her father's images, and also them concealed?
Who, by washing in the Jordan was of leprosy healed?
Who, while Paul was preaching, from out a window fell?
Where did Christ talk with a woman while seated on a well?
The initials form the name of the writer.


# THE MYRTLE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY THE

**UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE**

**37 Cornhill, Boston.**

**CHARLES CAVERLY, Jr. Agent.**

TERMS — PAYMENT TO BE MADE IN ADVANCE.

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